

Carol Myer



ABZ
1000

TEMPORA

ET

MORES

1945

IN MEMORIAM
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT
APRIL 12, 1945

DEDICATION

With sincere admiration for their courage and pride in their willingness to work for a cause in which we all believe, we humbly dedicate our Annual to all the alumnae and former teachers of Hartridge now in the service.

RED CROSS

Norma Anderson
Muriel Barrows
Graham Cleaver
Ruth H. Foster
Alicia Frost
Barbara Gummere

WAVE

Louise Hunn Baker, Lt. j.g.
Elizabeth Brokaw, Lt. j.g.
Gertrude Joy Grimm, Lt. Comm.
Elizabeth Ivins Haskins, Lt. j.g.
Jean C. Robison, Pharmacist's Mate, 3rd Class
Mildred Stuart, Lt. j.g.
Estelle Taylor, Lt. j.g.
Patricia Voorhis, Sp. Gunner 3rd Class

SPAR

Karla Yepsen

WAC

Caroline Douglas, Pvt.
Dorothy Linke, Pvt.
Elisabeth Miller, Cpl.

O. S. S.

Mimi Parsons Ford

U. S. NURSE CORPS

Janet Lewis
Mary Demler

U. S. M. C.

Barbara Murray



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Agnes Hannay



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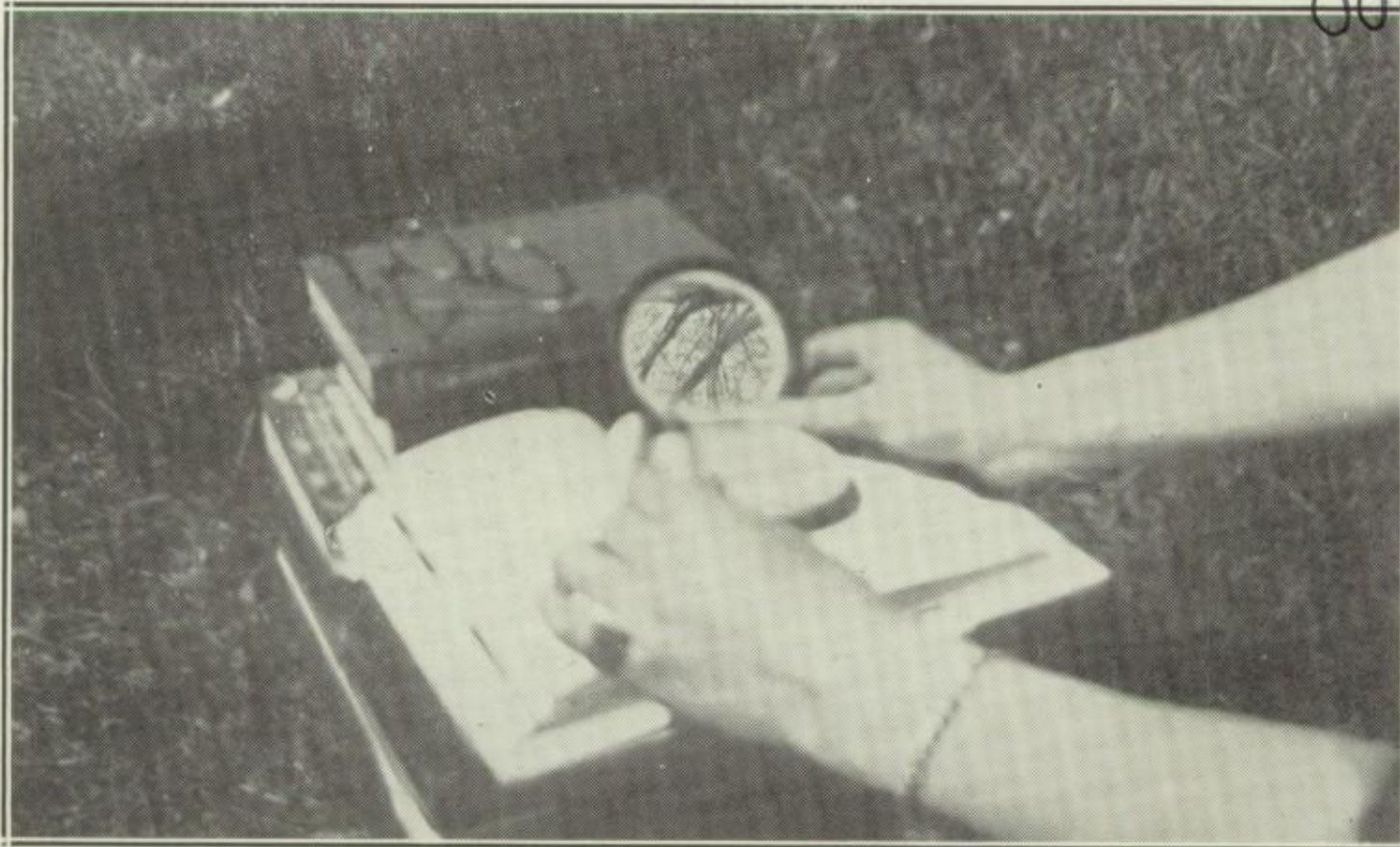
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JOY MOONEY	<i>Sub-freshman representative</i>
BARBARA MORSE	<i>Faculty representative</i>
FRANCES HURREY	<i>Ex-officio</i>

Dearest Carol,

I've really missed all you grand girls this year but we had a grand (— ok. I'll get another adjective!) time year before last, didn't we? **SENIORS** good, Carol, & have loads of fun in these coming years. —
With much love, Peggy —



Dear Carol -
Best of everything to a wonderful girl -
Love,
Mary



MARY WETHERFORD ALDEN

Tally-ho

Colonia, New Jersey

Entered 1942

Berkeley

Thatched cottages . . . Cornwall . . . Nightingales

Glee Club, '43, '44, '45; Treasurer of the Glee Club, '45; Dramatic Club, '43, '44, '45; Felice in *Letters to Lucerne*, '43; Olga in *Stage Door*, '43; Gremoi in *The Taming of the Shrew*, '44; Treherne in *The Admirable Crichton*, '45; Secretary of the Class, '43; Library Committee, '44, '45.



HELEN LUCAS BISHOP

605 East Front Street

Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1940

Mt. Holyoke



Corn silk . . . Haystacks . . . Hockey sticks



Varsity Hockey, '43, '44, '45; Captain of Varsity Hockey, '45; Class Hockey, '43, '44, '45; White Hockey, '42, '43, '44, '45; Varsity Basketball, '45; White Basketball, '44; Varsity Softball, '43; White Softball, '43, '44; Red Cross Committee, '44; President of the Athletic Association, '45; Athletic Association Representative, '43; Glee Club, '43, '44, '45; Dramatic Club, '42, '43, '44, '45; Eugene in *L'Anglais Tel Qu'on Parle*, '42; Male Attendant in *Pullman Car Hiawatha*, '42; Hill in *Pride and Prejudice*, '42; Postman in *Letters to Lucerne*, '43; Judith Canfield in *Stage Door*, '43; Petruchio in *Taming of the Shrew*, '44; Athletic Editor of the Annual, '45.

Myra - you great big gorgeous gal!
 I am not very inspired this evening and
 all I can seem to do anything but tell
 you you're a wonderful kid, who always
 knows what she did - you're just a personal

friend of mine -
 SLIN



SHIRLEY ROBINSON BURKE

141 East Ninth Street

Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1942

Bryn Mawr

Powder puffs . . . Chiffon . . . Rose petals

Dramatic Club, '43, '44, '45; Secretary-Treasurer of the Dramatic Club, '44; Library Committee, '44, '45; Secretary-Treasurer of the Library Committee, '44; Chairman of the Library Committee, '45; Class Hockey, '43, '44, '45; Green Hockey, '45; Sub-varsity Hockey, '45; Sub-varsity Basketball, '45; Class Basketball, '43, '44, '45; Green Basketball, '45; Vice-President of the Student Council, '45; Green Captain, '45; Ass't Literary Editor of the Annual, '44; Editor of the Annual, '45.



Dear Carol - Somehow I can't be as witty as
← Shirl this evening - Good luck Carol - nice to know
you - XO, Lucie

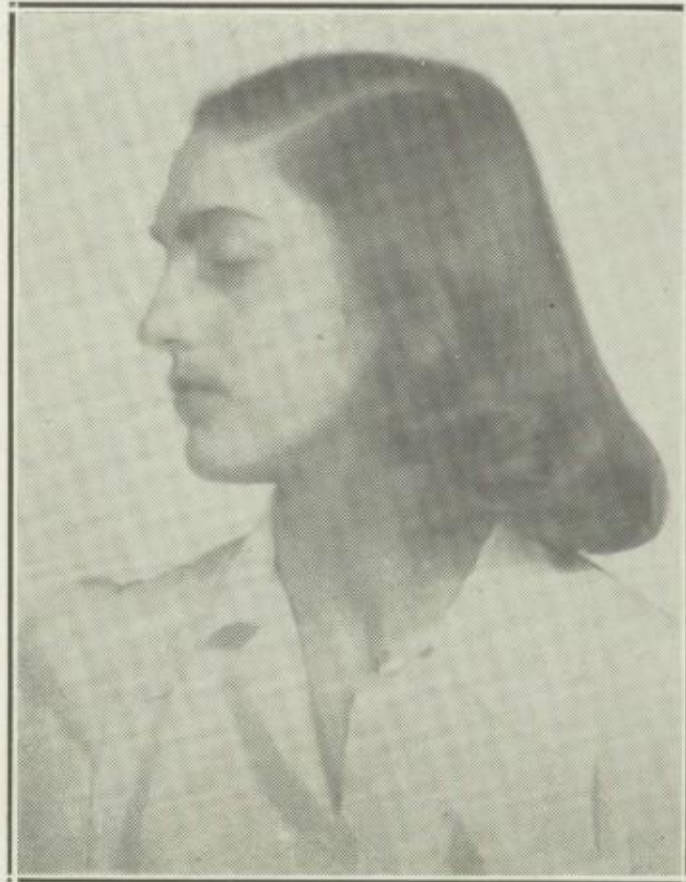
JANET SPEER COAN

819 West Sixth Street

Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1943

Vassar



Curry . . . Damask . . . Old silver



Class Hockey, '44, '45; White Softball, '44;
White Basketball, '45; Athletic Representative,
'45; Library Committee, '44; Glee Club, '44,
'45; President of the Glee Club, '45; Vice-
President of the Class, '44; Ass't. Literary Edi-
tor of the Annual, '45; Dance Committee, '45.



Peanuts . . . Popcorn . . . Crackerjack

BARBARA JOAN DAVIS

36 Craig Place

Cranford, New Jersey

Entered 1944

Wells

Glee Club, '45; Varsity Hockey, '45; Class Hockey, '45; White Hockey, '45; Varsity Basketball, '45; Class Basketball, '45; White Basketball, '45; President of the Senior Class, '45; Ass't Business Manager of the Annual, '45.



Dean Mygatt;
Don't run the school too ragged next year
with that mischievous nature, but do keep on making
life enjoyable at "Olds Horthidge" with the giggles,
etc.

JEANNE ELEANOR FEZANDIE

R.F.D. #2

Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1933

Wellesley



Lots of love
to a sweet
girl,
"Ellie"

Sailboats . . . Siamese cat . . . Pastels

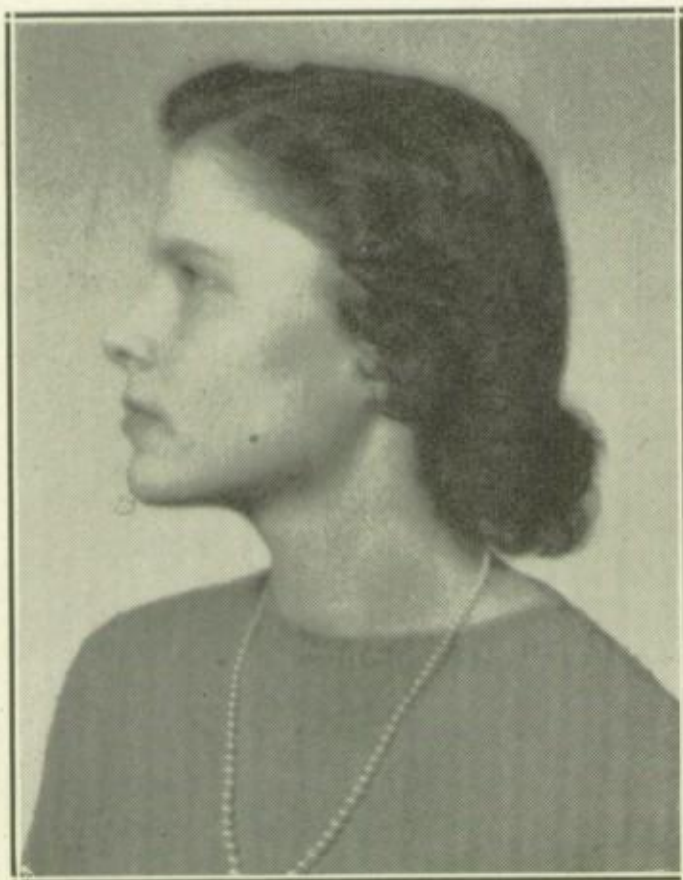


Class Softball, '44; Class Hockey, '41, '42, '43, '44, '45; White Hockey, '43, '44, '45; Varsity Hockey, '43, '44, '45; Class Basketball, '43, '44, '45; White Basketball, '45; Varsity Basketball, '45; Art Club, '41, '42, '43, '44, '45; Glee Club, '41, '42, '45; Dramatic Club, '41, '42; Child in *Land of Heart's Desire*, '41; Eleven O'Clock in *Pullman Car Hiawatha*, '42; Athletic Representative, '44; Secretary-Treasurer of the Athletic Association, '45; Tennis Tournament, '43; Badminton Tournament, '43, '44; Ping-Pong Tournament, '44; Secretary-Treasurer of the Student Council, '45; Library Committee, '44, '45; Dance Committee, '45; Literary Editor of the Annual, '45.

Hello dearie,
Many's this time I's sat chooling while you dressed your
beautiful self for a prom, or dance, or date - I will probably be
doing the same thing for years to come -

lots of love and kisses

Travis -



Ivory . . . Burma red . . . Gardenias

JEAN EVANS MARTWICK

963 Hillside Avenue

Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1933

Pine Manor

Art Club, '41, '42, '43, '44, '45; President of
the Art Club, '45; Dramatic Club, '41, '42,
'43, '44, '45; Glee Club, '41, '42; Athletic
Representative, '41; President of the Class, '42;
Senior Representative of the Student Council,
'45; Ass't. Editor of the Annual, '45.



NANCY ANN MULFORD

1442 Evergreen Avenue

Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1939

Pine Manor



Spun gold . . . Black crepe . . . Lilacs



Class Hockey, '41, '42, '43, '44, '45; Class Basketball, '42, '43, '44, '45; Dramatic Club, '41, '42, '43, '44, '45; Betty in *L'anglais Tel Qu'on Parle*, '42; Art Club, '41, '42, '43, '44, '45; Secretary-Treasurer of the Art Club, '44, '45; Vice-President of the Class, '42, '45; Chairman of the Dance Committee, '45; Art Editor of the Annual, '45.

Dear Carol,

It has been swell knowing
you ~~for~~ during my 5 years at Hartbridge.
Loads of good luck and happiness in
your senior year.



Jean

JEAN ASTA PACKARD

Highland Farm

R.D. #1

Somerville, New Jersey

Entered 1940

Stevens

Sunflowers . . . St. Bernards

Glee Club, '41, '42, '43, '44, '45; Ass't. Art
Editor of the Annual, '45; Class Hockey, '42,
'43, '44, '45.



Dear Carol
 I understand
 you went sleigh-
 riding down on front
 watching awful lot
 street on winter
 just never tell!
 give your
 phone

FLORENCE FELICIA RUNYON

136 East Ninth Street

Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1940

Wellesley



Organ music . . . White lilies



Glee Club, '41, '42, '43, '44, '45; Varsity Hockey, '44, '45; Class Hockey, '41, '42, '43, '44, '45; White Hockey, '43, '44, '45; Varsity Basketball, '43, '44, '45; Class Basketball, '41, '42, '43, '44, '45; White Basketball, '44, '45; Class President, '44; Student Council, '43; Captain of the White Team, '45; Photography Editor of the Annual, '45.



PRISCILLA ATKINSON TIETJEN

1170 Woodland Avenue

Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1943

Smith

Forum . . . Chipmunk . . . Brogues

Class Hockey, '44, '45; Green Hockey, '44;
Class Basketball, '44, '45; Green Softball, '44;
Varsity Softball, '44; Dramatic Club, '44, '45;
Laborer in *Holy Nigh'*, '44; Curtis in *The
Taming of the Shrew*, '44; Crichton in *The
Admirable Crichton*, '45; Chairman of the
Community Service Committee, '45; President
of the Student Council, '45; Ass't. Business
Editor, '44; Business Manager of the Annual,
'45.



THE PERFECT SENIOR

Hair	Nancy Mulford
Eyes	Barbara Davis
Nose	Jean Martwick
Smile	Helen Bishop
Complexion	Florence Runyon
Figure	Ellen Fezandié
Legs	Shirley Burke
Voice	Mary Alden
Hands	June Coan
Ability	Priscilla Tietjen
Disposition	Jean Packard

Future Inklings

November 8, 1960

OAKWOOD, NEW JERSEY

Volume XXI

PRESIDENCY CAPTURED BY WOMAN

(AP) Nov. 8—In the closest election in United States history, the Republican candidate, Priscilla Tietjen, won the coveted position of chief executive held so long by members of the so-called stronger sex. In her broadcast to the nation last night, President Tietjen assured the people that she was only the first of a long line of future women Presidents. She attributed her dazzling political success to the fame and experience she gained while breaking the power of the notorious Hague regime in Jersey City.

—o—

EXPEDITION TO STRASPASNIO

With the cheers of the crowds drowning out the roar of the propellers and the hum of the engines, the "Adventuring Wives," née Shirley Burke and Nancy Mulford, famous for exploding the theory that woman's place is in the home, took off at 2:42 yesterday afternoon in their aquamarine stratoship. This is the third of these world expedi-

tions to hitherto uncharted spheres and, like its predecessors, is designed to promote interstratospherical relations. Miss Burke, acting in the capacity of interpreter, is prepared to translate anything the Straspasnions have to say. Miss Mulford is the internationally famous aviatrix and her part in the expedition needs no comment.

—o—

FORMER HARTRIDGE BELLE BETROTHED

(AP) Nov. 8 — Nuptial ceremonies were held yesterday afternoon in "The Little Church Around the Corner" for Jean Evans Martwick, in years passed holder of the coveted title of "Miss Subways" for the record-breaking time of three months. The groom is Cecil Q. Homelover III whose ancestors came over on the Juneflower. Mr. Homelover attended Pingry and Princeton and then entered the Bar. The bride was given in marriage by her father, former police commissioner of Plainfield, New Jersey. (This town may be found on a large map.) Friends and relatives commented on the patriotic aspect of the wedding. The bride saw red, wore white, and felt blue.

WORK WANTED—FEMALE

Young lady with excellent secretarial training and experience in the Eat-and-Grow Dog Food Company desires position as secretary with kind and generous boss. Excellent references on request. Notify #28, % this paper. Ask for J. A. P.

—o—

LADY WITHERSPOON ENTERTAINS

At a garden party last Sunday Lady Witherspoon entertained royally at her country manor house "With-outerfork." On the velvety lawn peacocks and nobility strutted and preened their luxurious plumage. In the late afternoon, the lords and ladies cast aside their lorgnettes and lowered their noses to push peanuts across the sloping downs. The hostess wore a gold lamé tea gown topped by a familiar black and red plaid shirt which this reporter remembers from Lady Witherspoon's days in Hartridge cloisters when she was known as Mary Alden.

CHEZ COANOVA

PERSIAN

rugs & tapestries
"Fly within ten days
or
Your money back"

TURKISH

baths and towels
982 Madison Avenue
New York City

The opening of the new Madison Avenue salon for Turkish and Persian masterpieces is announced by the former ballerina, Mlle. J. Speer Coan, who made her debut dancing at the Roseland Ballroom in a startling dance of the "107 Veils" to the tune of "All or Nothing."

ACTRESS PAROLED

It was announced yesterday by the Warden of Hum-Hum-on-the-Hudson that Bacall Bishop (known to the inmates as Bibi) was released on parole having served only half of her six year sentence. Three years ago a jury charged her (including state tax) with a murder which she didn't realize she was committing. It all happened during a rehearsal of a murder scene of the mystery thriller, "The Pussy and the Sparrow." The gun was thought to be loaded with blank cartridges,

but after the leading man fell to the floor, a bullet having pierced his heart, a very baffled actress found herself in need of explanations. A short time after Miss Bishop's conviction, the real murderer was discovered; her understudy had objected to the leading man having "five o'clock shadow" at four. Bacall Bishop, in a statement to the press yesterday, seemed confident that, before long, she will return to Hollywood, her prison record but another episode in her dazzling career.

NEW DRUG PERFECTED

The new drug, hypnofezandithasia, comparable in potency only to penicillin, was perfected by the eminent psychiatrist, Dr. Ellen Fezandie. This amazing drug (with the help of the doctor's beauty) has the power to hypnotize patients so completely that it enables Dr. Fezandie to control their thoughts and actions. Among her patients have been Gertrude Stein, Boris Karloff and Peter Lorre, who are living proof that the drug also has its disastrous effects.

RADIO HIGHLIGHTS

Once again last night, fans of the "Hit Parade" had a great thrill when Florencia Runyon gave a

sparkling rendition of the week's top-notch extra, "Saturday Night Isn't the Loneliest Night in the Week." Miss Runyon found herself crowned with the title of "Mistress of Lucky Strike Extras" when she replaced Ethel Smith a few months ago. Since that time, Miss Runyon's scintillating rhythm has kept her large audience on the edge of their seats. Among inner radio circles, rumor has been spreading of late that Miss Runyon may soon announce her engagement to Mr. L. A. Speed Riggs of Goldsboro, North Carolina.

SOCIAL NOTES

In the spectacular annual dog show at Madison Square Garden, "Muffin," won the coveted prize of a miniature silver cup in the shape of a fire hydrant for her unusual liver-colored markings spelling out P-E-N-S-A-C-O-L-A. Although her owner, Mrs. Thomas S. Bedlington, née Barbara Joan Davis, was at first overcome with pride and joy, she was soon restored to her usual self and lavishly entertained the judges and officials at her unique uptown penthouse (its walls are papered with old commutation tickets). The high spot of the evening came when Mrs. Bedlington sat down at her navy blue baby grand and played the "Danny Boy Blues."

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

ARTICLE I. Barby Davis leaves her commutation ticket to Marge, hoping that Marge arrives at school nearer a quarter of nine than she ever did.

ARTICLE II. Junie leaves her Persian shoes and jacket to Burfy to supplement her already impeccable wardrobe.

ARTICLE III. To Didi, Mulford leaves her gigantic kilt pin knowing that Didi will find a spot for it on one of her numerous Scotch plaids.

ARTICLE IV. Floss parts with her helping hand to push up Rocket's slipping glasses.

ARTICLE V. Bish bestows her nearly empty bottle of H_2O_2 to Frances knowing it will be empty within the next month.

ARTICLE VI. Jean Packard relinquishes her ability to appear at school in the worst possible weather to Sara hoping she will be able to learn the technique.

ARTICLE VII. Jeannie gives up her infectious giggle to Val with the hope that Val will appear sometime with a spontaneous smile.

ARTICLE VIII. Upon Esther, Pris bestows the pleasure of riding a bike to school on icy winter mornings.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

ARTICLE IX. Floss leaves her barber scissors to Henny with anticipation of a new fad in hair styles.

ARTICLE X. Barb leaves her Florida sun tan to Joan Kelly, with the advice that the real thing is 100% better.

ARTICLE XI. Mary leaves her mezzo-soprano voice to Butter, hoping that she can use it to raise her voice from its debutante huskiness.

ARTICLE XII. Although this may be perfectly superfluous, El leaves to Wes her continuing ability, even in this time of war and manpower shortage, to have plenty of dates.

ARTICLE XIII. Pris relinquishes her pot of grease paint to the talented Ginny, feeling certain that Gin will continue to slay fair maidens with her usual poker face and side-splitting-gusto.

ARTICLE XIV. Shirl leaves to Baker the job of chasing back into study hall those who are "just looking for a book to read."

ARTICLE XV. The entire senior class leaves everything to the last minute and, alas, they just leave . . .

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

<i>Christened</i>	<i>Rechristened</i>	<i>Slanguage</i>	<i>Peccadillo</i>	<i>Trademark</i>
MARY WETHERFORD	Mary, Pris	Well, I don't exactly know!	Twisting her legs	Dimples
HELEN LUCAS	Bish, Hel	It must be in my other notebook	Carefree spirit	Blond Streak
SHIRLEY ROBINSON	Shirl	Oh, honestly!	Faked refined accent	Pin in velvet band
JANET SPEER	June, Junie	Wowie!	Referring to her family	Straight hair
BARBARA JOAN	Barbs, Joe, Barbie, Bubbles	Fiddledy- bodkins	Reeking of tobacco	Baritone guffaw
JEANNE ELEANOR	Elly, Jef, Fiz	Censored	Vanity	Sooty eyelashes
JEAN EVANS	Jeannie, Martwick	Oh, girls, you're so dumb!	Giggling	Soft nose!
NANCY ANN	Nance, Mul	I absolutely refuse	Griping (not excessively)	Naturally wavy blond hair
JEAN ASTA	Jean, Packy	How's the world treat- ing you?	Melancholy expression	Harlequin glasses
FLORENCE FELICIA	Flop, Floss, Flipper	Honest to Peter	Slowness	One dimple
PRISCILLA ATKINSON	Pris, Cilly	Don't be rude	Apple-polishing	Greek nose

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

<i>Should Be</i>	<i>Could Never Be</i>	<i>Usual Occupation</i>	<i>Pet Passion</i>
The Singing Lady	Brooklynite	Getting excited	Noel Coward
Little Lulu	Kitchen Drudge	Hunting for things	Ducky
Cupie Doll	Aerialist	Looking bored	Frogs' Legs
Dali's apprentice	Conventional	Cocking her head	Old Nassau
Elsa Maxwell	Wee Bonnie Baker	Chewing gum	Boogie-Woogie
Power's Model	Missionary	Psychoanalyzing people	Flying
Claudia	A prodigy	Talking about "old times"	Mail
Career woman	Dormouse	Combing hair	"Captains of the Clouds"
Betty Boop	Rockette	Catching a bus	Dusky
Nurse	A flapper	Baby watching	Movies
Congresswoman	Hermit	Political arguments	Rupert Brooke

SCHOOL CALENDAR

- September 19—A flock of hornets acts as an enthusiastic welcoming committee for all of us, who are more exhausted than relaxed by our three months' vacation.
- September 20—"What we want to know is why have math at all?" This comment was overheard after Miss Hannay's enlightening speech about her research job at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in Summit. The machines swallow math problems at 5 P.M. and divulge the answers at 9 the next morning.
- September 27—Model Election. We all learn the ways of the ballot box.
- October 4—Under the persuasive personality of Joan Kelly, acting as chairman, the IV's and V's tell of their summer jobs. Marilyn introduces realism by producing mop and pail.
- October 23—Jeannie has her first date since August 3. Keep on trying, Old Thing.
- October 24—Dr. Sleeper, ably introduced by Janie Cole, talks of harmony in music. We exit humming.
- November 1—Election Day comes in a week. We are vehemently reminded by Mary Alden that there IS a third party. Her speech is one of eight given by seniors.
- November 7—Roosevelt sweeps the country for a fourth term.
- November 8—"The Discriminate Princess" given by the sixth grade. Ann Burr enchants the Academic.
- November 22—Thanksgiving Day program starts the vacation, which lasts until the 27th.
- November 25—Pingry invades Hartridge for a very exciting dance.
- November 29—Exams! The new system of exams three times a year lightens the necessity for cramming. Ha! Ha!
- December 6—Axis prisoners in this country become interesting through Major Maxwell McKnight's informative and amusing speech. It seems that some of the German prisoners think that the population of the United States is composed of buffaloes, wild Indians and ferocious bears!
- December 13—Dress rehearsal of the Christmas festival—Bish is absent, as for all dress rehearsals.
- December 15—Christmas vacation! Need we say more?
- January 10—Miss Hurrey welcomes us back.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

January 16-17—Blessed flakes fall from Heaven, and drifts four feet high deliver us from classes!

January 24—Shakespeare comes to life as Mr. Sam Pearce gives a lecture with colored slides on Margaret Webster's production of "The Tempest."

January 31—After Miss Catherine Baschnagle's talk on the Mental Hygiene Clinic, we all begin to wonder if we really are normal.

February 14—Highest toll of Valentines reaped by Ellen. Runner-up, Floss.

A Truth and Consequences program resulted in a dance by Esther and Miss Colie.

February 21—Jean Steck gets stuck in a snow drift in Hillside, New Jersey. Shirley is spared the introduction.

February 22—"Whose mother is that?" It's Visitors' Day and swarms of strangers roam about the school.

February 28—Piano recital by Hartridge "musicians."

March 9—The Dramatic Club presents "The Admirable Crichton." Everyone worked hard to make this the great success that it was.

March 10—Hartridge goes to Pingry en masse. They return our hospitality with a talented display of dramatic ability and a well-run dance.

March 14—Exams again! One hour is such a short time to show all you know, but so exams go!

March 21-April 3—Vacation. Seniors grind for the College Boards.

April 4—Auction. Miss Huyler literally takes the cake.

April 7—College Boards have finally come and with their passing go our high hopes to "get to college."

April 12—Franklin Delano Roosevelt dies at Warm Springs, Georgia.

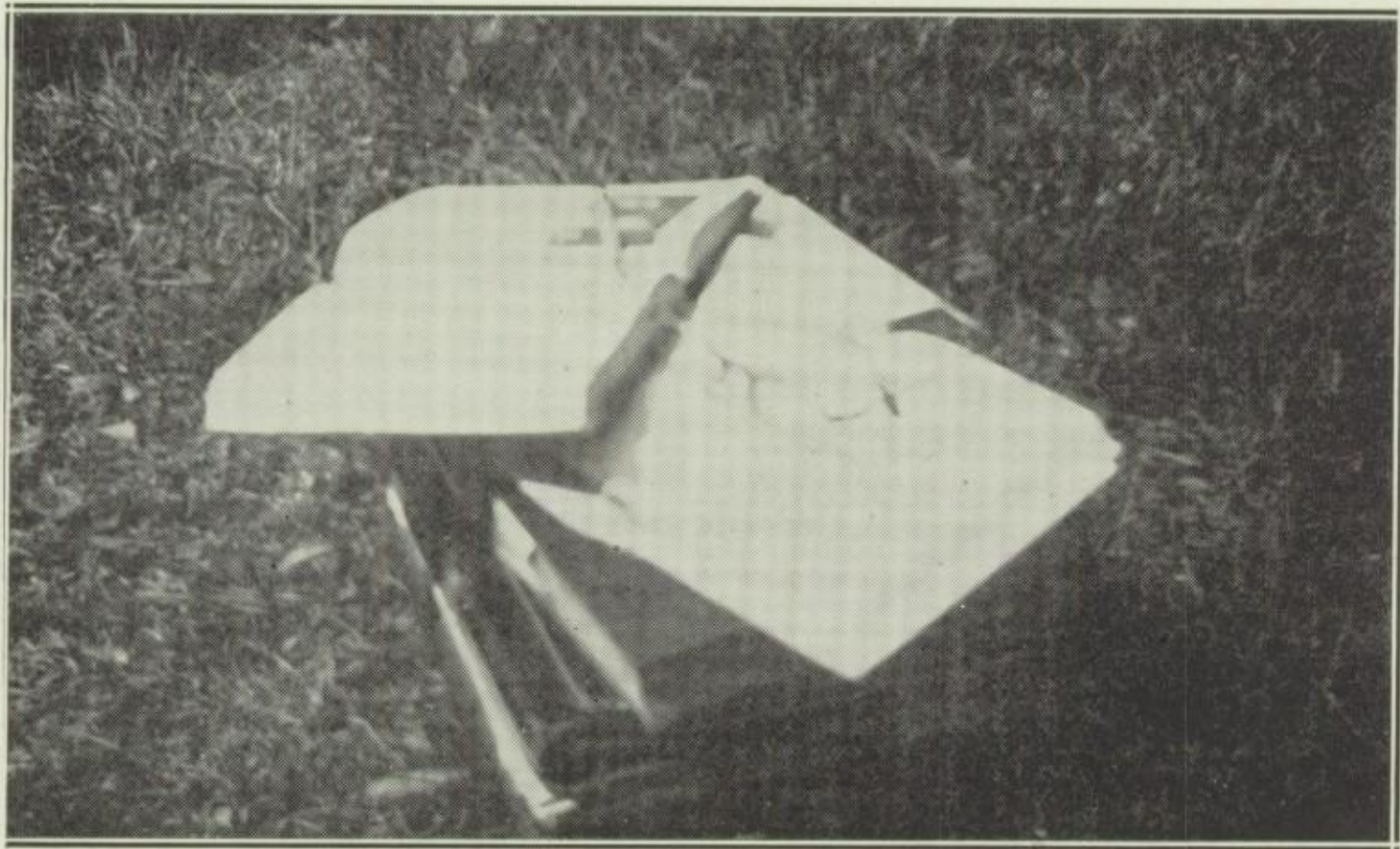
April 13—Memorial service held by Miss Hurrey and Dr. Moment.

April 21—The Annual goes to press.

THE SENIORS WILL NEVER FORGET

1. A quart of milk for every Hottentot.
2. Socialism—government-made cough drops.
3. Wallace and Jesse James.
4. . . . twisting Aunt Ann's legs.
5. "Cheez, what handles them guys got!"
6. "Ladies, business was bad!"
7. "Why was Dewitt Clinton important, Helen?"
"He had a boat."
8. "Don't you have any feeling about trees, Nancy?"
"Certainly, but I don't see why you can't live in a house."
9. Beat me, Daddy, on the head.
10. Go around rubbing yourself with glass towels.
11. "Je couvais à votre place."
12. "As we say in Cranford, are you looking for a bruise?"
13. "Shall we have cocktails?"
13. Beware of the handsome man!
15. "What are you all girls conjugating here for?"

ACADEMIC



Hi there My dear,
 I like that middle moniker
 you got there! You're one of
 those people who like
 those blood
 & thunder
 movies
 about the
 "Air Corps",
 "Navy", like
 etc. I am
 a "fan" of
 "probably
 meet you
 in the
 movies
 someday!"
 Love
 B.B.

THIRD ACADEMIC



Dear Carol
 I'll see you at
 the swimming
 party, I'm
 so spirited right
 now I can't write
 a thing.
 Love,
 Caroline

Dear Carol!
 Hi Cattie!
 Aren't you
 the vibrating
 little thing
 though. I
 love you
 dear.
 Love
 Ruth Ann

Dear Carol,
 So glad,
 dear, that you
 changed your
 viewpoint on
 that divine
 subject. It's
 really won-
 derful!
 Have a
 glorious time
 this summer!
 Love,
 Katherine

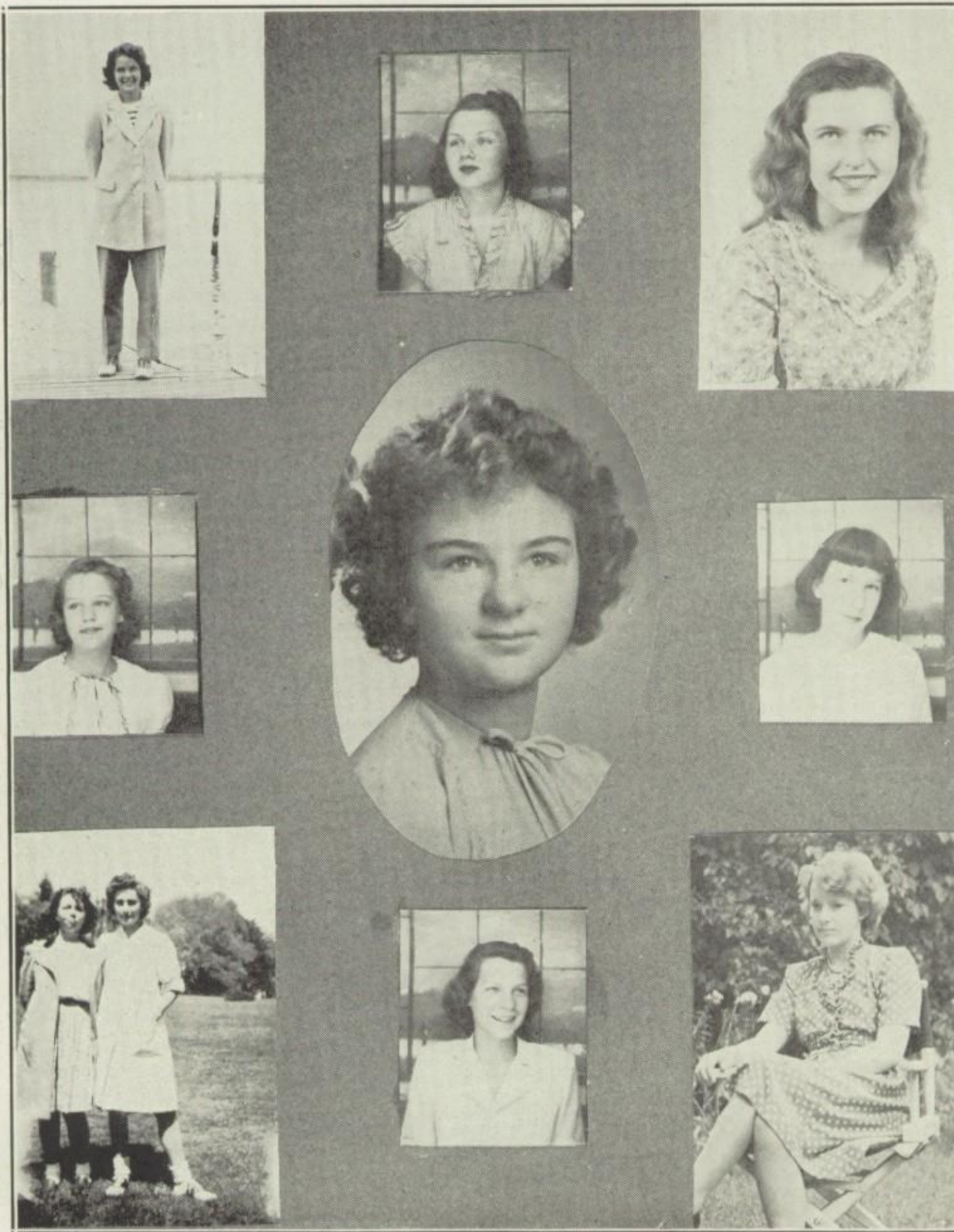
Hi Carol,
 Well, kid,
 as you
 don't
 I'm
 excited!
 I'll
 love
 you
 dear
 Love
 Carol

Dear Carol,
 (Notice I didn't call you "Mud"!)
 Have a divine time this summer
 and above all, take care of
 Caroline!!
 Oceans of Emotions,
 P.S. How about the back model?? No!

SECOND ACADEMIC



FIRST ACADEMIC



ELEMENTARY



Seventh Grade

Cynthia Barr
Jon Bestoff
Dale Bishop
Ellen Brockay
Ann Conley
Lee Elliott
Martha Jane McAuliffe
Elizabeth Pfannmuller
Cornelia Pierce
Barbara Tofte
Fairfax Urner
Frances McBride

Fourth Grade

Jean Ackerman
Pamela Clark
Robin Gribbon
Connie Ladd
Sheila Langert
Sonia Loizeaux

Sixth Grade

Carol Benedict
Elizabeth Boyer
Marjorie Braverman
Ann Burr Clevenger
Sheila Gallagher
Joy Gribbon
Sally Henry
Valery Martin
Merry Role
Anne-Marie Seybold

Third Grade

Susanne Bartlett
Lois Callahan
Sandra Morse
Lindsay Muskat
Jane Saxe
Gay Siccardi
Betsy Squires

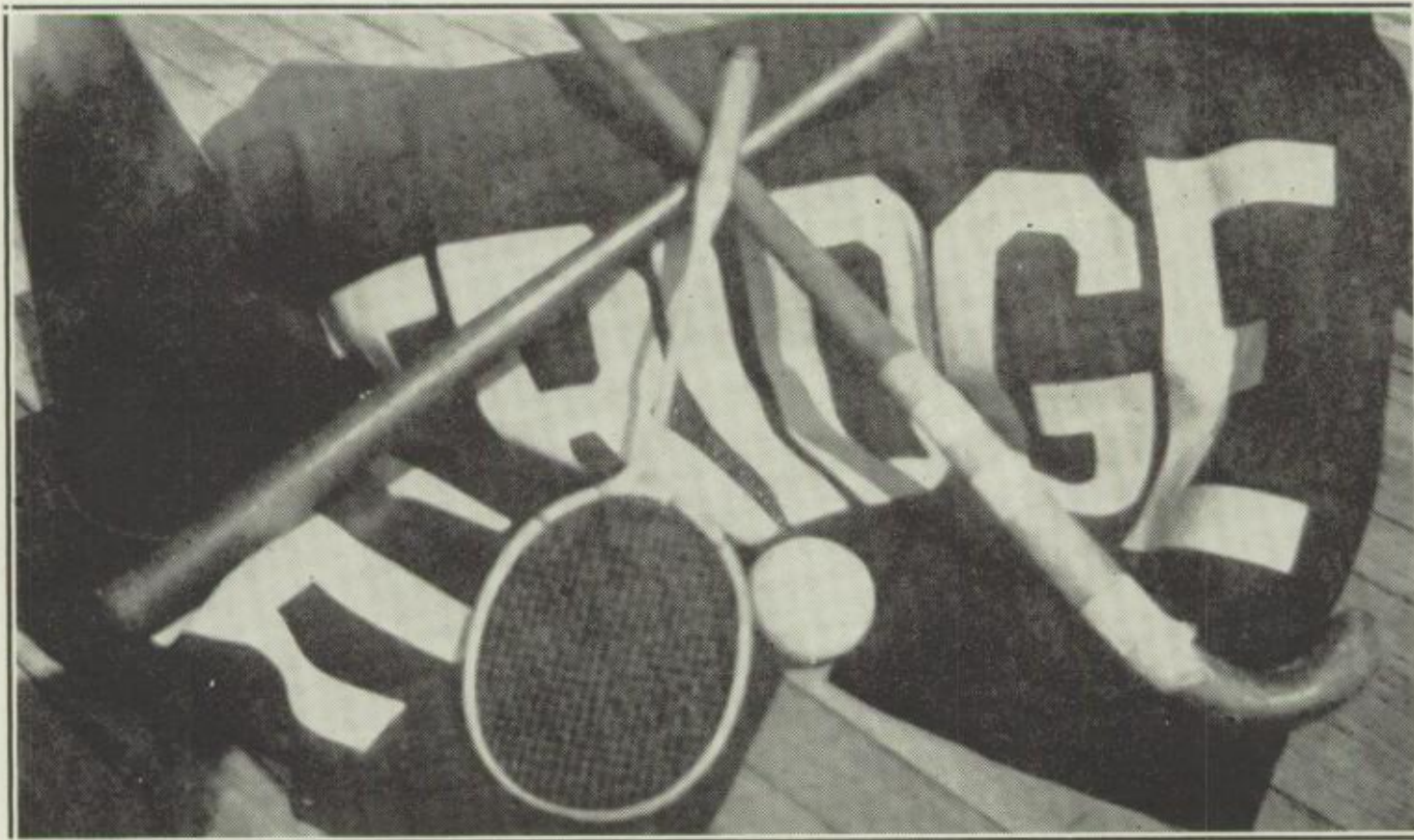
Fifth Grade

Lucie Gallagher
June Haley
Barbara Henwood
Martha Jennings
Jean Lott
Maidie Spencer
Katrina Voorhis

Second Grade

Conchita Clow
Alden Johnson
Elizabeth Nash
Marian Smithers
Janet Werner

SPORTS



Remember Grant, Remember Lee,
 To H — with them
 Remember ME — . Have a divine summer
 Sam Rove Barb —



GREEN TEAM

Shirley Burke, Captain

V

Jean Martwick
 Jean Packard
 Priscilla Tietjen

IV

Marilyn Baker
 Marjorie Bishop
 Esther Borow
 Joan Kelly
 Marjorie Lake

III

Barbara Begert
 Carolyn Kuentz
 Elise Bestoff
 Carol Mygatt
 Ruth Ann Sansom
 Patricia Wight
 Barbara Sauer

II

Carol Brokaw
 Jane Elliott
 Ruth Frank
 Patricia Gray
 Donna Martwick
 Helen McMurray
 Patricia Moreno
 Jane Scott
 Elizabeth Van Buren
 Polly Steele

I

Nancy Bushnell
 Joann Goosman
 Peggy Loizeaux
 Joy Mooney
 Kitty Ladd
 Sue Randolph
 Nancy Stirling
 Magreta Volk



WHITE TEAM

Florence Runyon, Captain

V

Mary Alden
Helen Bishop
June Coan
Barbara Davis
Ellen Fezandic
Nancy Mulford

Kathanne Harter
Patsy Ann Ivins
Leslie Muskat
Joanna Voorhis
Jessica Walsh
Joan Windatt

IV

Elizabeth Butterfoss
Helen Buttfield
Joan Henwood
Frances Hummel
Virginia Linke
Wesley Martin
Mary Rock
Mary Valiant
Sara Wills

II

Carolyn Carver
Mary Darsie
Carol Haye
Anne Morrelli
Patricia Nash
Virginia Rausch
Joan Williams

III

Joan Burke
Jane Cole
Barbara Dawson

I

Suzanne du Bois
Francine Jupp

VARSITY

HOCKEY

WHITES

Helen Bishop
Jane Cole
Barbara Dawson
Ellen Fezandié
Patsy Ann Ivins
Anne Morrell
Florence Runyon
Joan Windatt
Joanna Voorhis

GREENS

Patricia Wight
Magreta Volk

BASKETBALL

WHITES

Helen Bishop
Ellen Fezandié
Florence Runyon

GREENS

Barbara Davis
Helen McMurray
Patricia Wight

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

HELEN BISHOP, *President*

ELLEN FEZANDIE, *Secretary-Treasurer*

REPRESENTATIVES

Senior	June Coan
Junior	Joan Henwood
Sophomore	Patricia Wight
Freshman	Virginia Rausch
Sub-freshman	Francine Jupp

SPORTS

November 16—We had a rip-roaring game with Vail-Deane and, in spite of our very good attempt, we lost.

November 17—Bad luck seems to run in streaks for today we played Kent Place and lost again! Let's hope for better luck next year. Score, 3-0.

December 2—Alumnae-Varsity hockey game. Between the halves, the alumnae serenaded the undergraduates with some very witty original songs. After a riotous game the score came out 1-1.

December 4—After a long fight with the Greens, the Whites succeeded in rolling the score up to 2-0 in their favor.

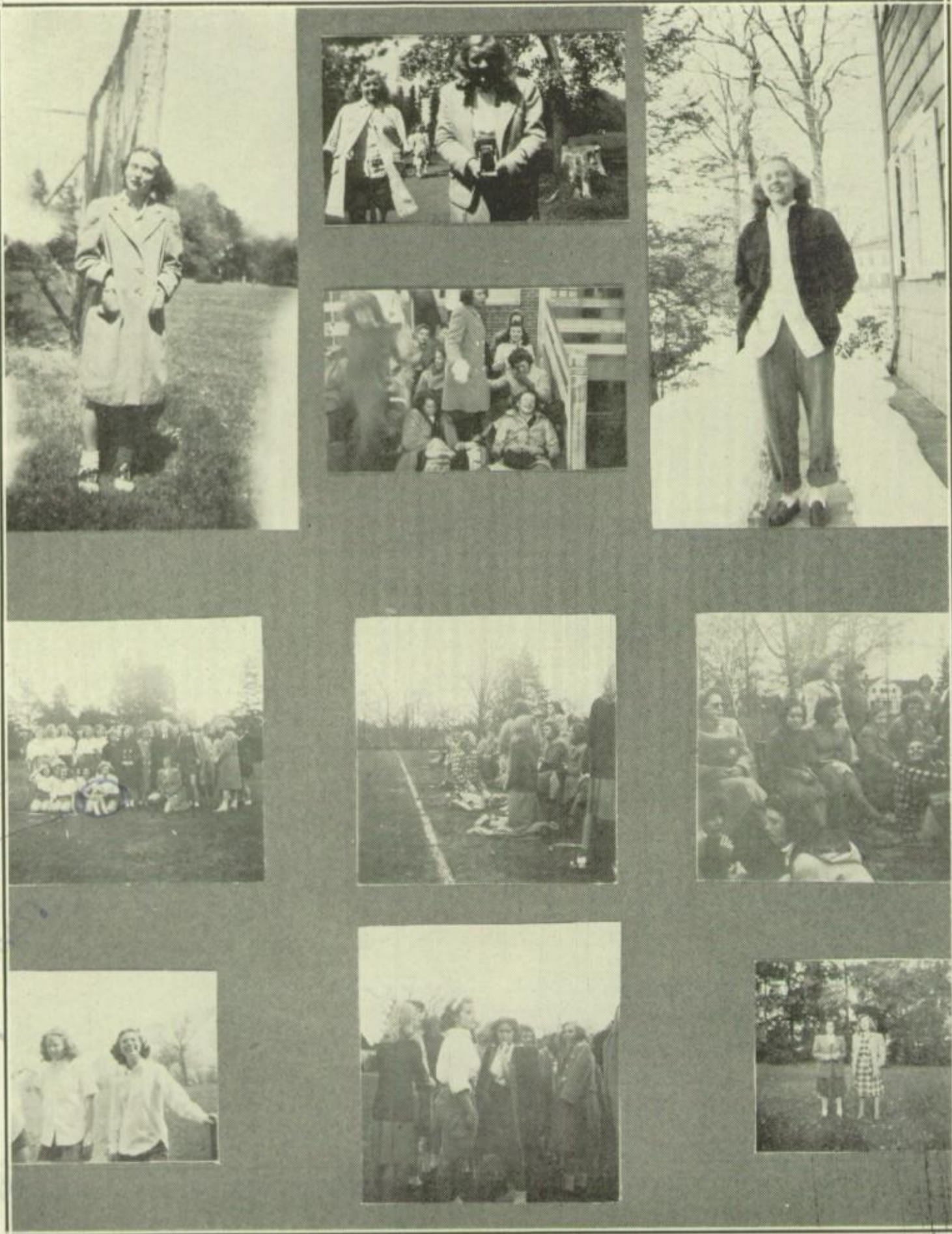
February 21—The III's ran away with the honors in the championship class hockey game. The seniors were defeated and both teams played a good game.

February 22—Two sets of very exciting basketball games—one between the Varsity and the not-too-decrepit alumnae, the other between teachers and the sub-Varsity. The students outdid themselves.

March 12—The Greens and Whites came out onto the basketball court, each team confident of its own victory. Although, at the announcement of the score, which was 30-28, the Green team went wild with triumph, there was a sombre note settling down over the two teams. The final basket, made by the Green team, was made after the time-keepers had called time. A re-game was scheduled to be played, score to be as of at the last of the first half.

March 12—The haughty and confident V's strode out to meet the III's, who were equally confident but perhaps not as haughty. The seniors won!

March 21—The re-game between the Greens and the Whites was played before a feverish audience, and the Whites walked off with the victory. The score was 31-23. Congratulations to the Whites!



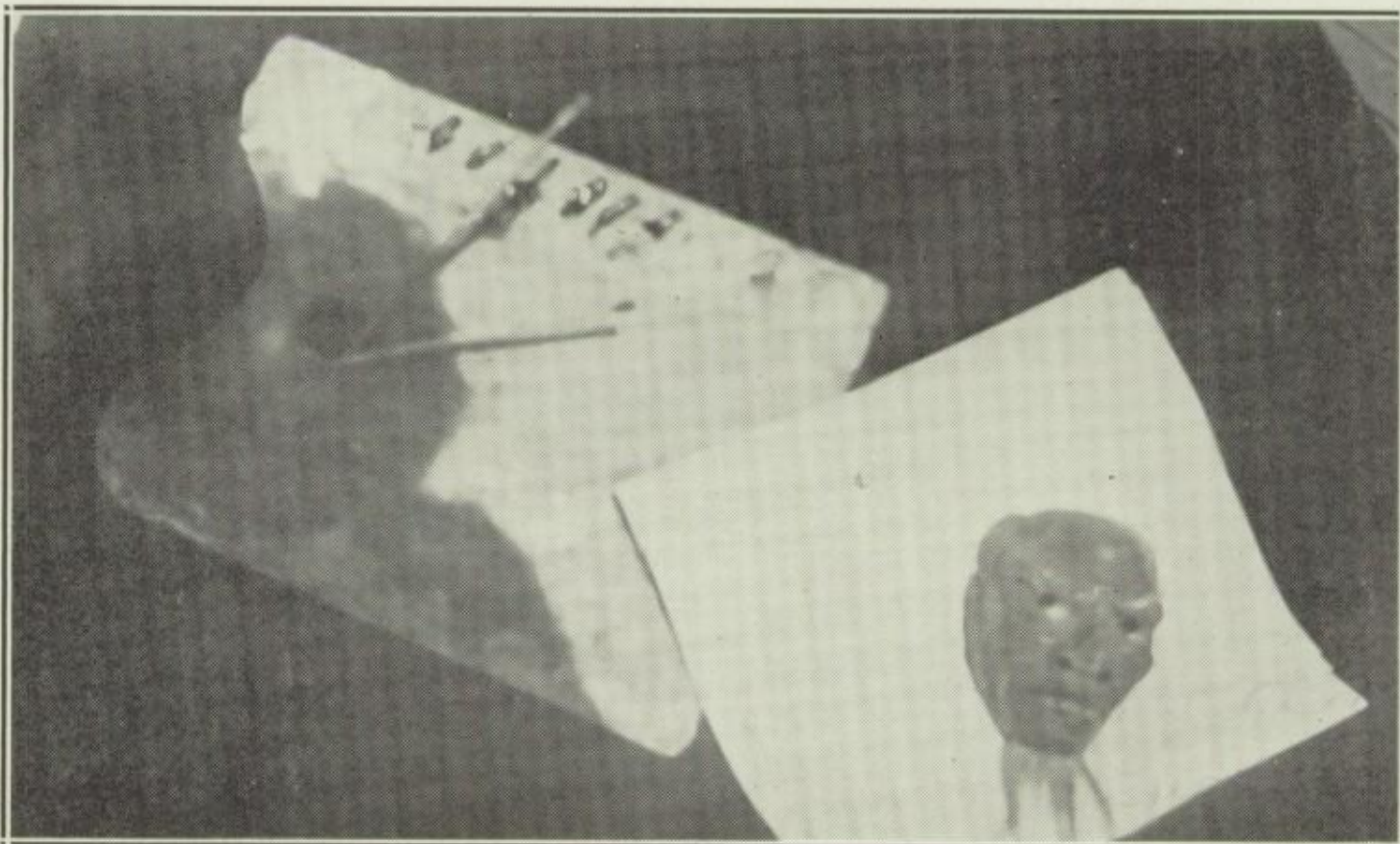
PAGE FORTY

Dear Carol -

You certainly are a brave -
brave, girl - Hope you didn't whittle
too hard at those bangles - just cause
there is a man power shortage - - -
I have loads of fun this summer
(whittling) Love "D"

Hi Beautiful!
I thought this
pic of my pooch is
for begger than an
of nine - Hope D
at one time or
another.
Love
D

CLUBS





DRAMATIC CLUB

WESLEY MARTIN, *President*

ESTHER BOROW, *Treasurer*

ELSIE GODDARD, *Director*

V

Mary Alden
Helen Bishop
Priscilla Tietjen

IV

Marilyn Baker
Marjorie Bishop
Joan Henwood
Joan Kelly
Virginia Linke
Wesley Martin
Mary Valiant

III

Jane Cole
Kathanne Harter
Patsy Ann Ivins
Jessica Walsh
Patricia Wight
Joan Windatt

II

Carol Brokaw
Ruth Frank
Patricia Gray
Donna Martwick
Patricia Moreno
Jane Scott

Backstage

Shirley Burke
Jean Martwick
Nancy Mulford
Esther Borow
Helen Buttfield
Joan Burke
Barbara Dawson
Carol Mygatt

Cutie

Dear Carol,
You are
the help-
ful one
in our
class so
always
stay that
way. Don't
forget to go
out with one
of those men
that you always
refuse you
might find
someone as
nice as Noel
(now you'll
never go out)
lots of love

Jamie

HARTRIDGE SCHOOL DRAMATIC CLUB

presents

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

by

Sir James M. Barrie

Characters: in order of appearance

ERNEST—A bachelor, but not of arts. His greatest moment is when he wakes of a morning and realizes that he really is Ernest, for we must all wish to be that which is our ideal	Virginia Linke
CRICHTON—More than a butler. At thirty he has realized his proudest ambition— butler in the household of an English peer. The Peer in Crichton's opinion has but one failing, that of not being sufficiently contemptuous of his inferiors	Priscilla Tietjen
LADY AGATHA LASENBY—A lazy daughter of Lord Loam	Patricia Wight
LADY CATHERINE LASENBY—Her sister, who is two years lazier	Joan Henwood
LADY MARY LASENBY—The eldest daughter of Lord Loam, the fury and the envy of her sisters	Patricia Ann Ivins
MR. TREHERNE—An athletic, pleasant-faced young clergyman	Mary Alden
THE EARL OF LOAM—A philanthropist of advanced ideas. He takes in all the weightiest monthly reviews, but prefers cutting the pages ostentatiously to reading them	Joan Kelly
LORD BROCKLEHURST—You could pick him up by the handful any day in Piccadilly, buying socks or selling them	Marjorie Bishop
SERVANTS—	
Mrs. Perkins—The housekeeper	Jane Cole
M. Fleury—The chef	Marilyn Baker
Rolleston—A valet	Mary Valiant
Tompsett—A coachman	Jesica Walsh
Fisher—Lady Mary's maid	Kathanne Harter
Simmons—Catherine's maid	Donna Matwick
Mlle. Jeanne—Agatha's maid	Patricia Moreno
Thomas—The first footman	Carol Brokaw
John—The second footman	Jane Scott
Tweeny—A very humble and frightened kitchen maid	Wesley Martin
Odds and Ends—A stable boy	Ruth Frank
SHIP'S OFFICER	Carol Brokaw
LADY BROCKLEHURST—A formidable, pouncing old lady	Mary Valiant

ACT I —Loam House, Mayfair. Tea-time.

One of the reception rooms, comparatively small and soft.

ACT II —The Island, far from home in every sense of the word. Two months later.

ACT III—The Happy Home. A summer evening two years later.

ACT IV—The Other Island. Before dinner some months later.

Scenery painted in Art Department under Miss Elsie Nelson, Nancy Mulford,

Jean Martwick and Elizabeth VanBuren

Properties—Joan Burke, Barbara Dawson, Carol Mygatt

Lighting—Helen Buttfield, Marilyn Baker

Tickets—Esther Borow

President of Dramatic Club—Wesley Martin

Dramatic Director—Miss Elsie Goddard





DEAR CAROL,
I hope
I'll see you
at the Y. this
summer. Best
of luck.
Love
ME PAT L.
P.S. I'm
the first to
write on
this page.

GLEE CLUB

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MARY ALDEN, *Treasurer*
DOROTHY LYALL, *Director*

V

Helen Bishop
Barbara Davis
Ellen Fezandic
Jean Packard
Florence Runyon

IV

Marilyn Baker
Esther Borow
Helen Buttfield
Joan Kelly
Wesley Martin
Mary Rock
Mary Valiant
Sara Wills
Joan Henwood

III

Barbara Dawson
Kathanne Harter
Patsy Ann Ivins
Barbara Begert

Carolyn Kuentz
Ruth Ann Sansom
Joanna Voorhis
Jessica Walsh
Joan Windatt
Barbara Sauer
Patricia Laing

II

Mary Darsie
Jane Elliot
Patricia Gray
Carol Haye
Patricia Nash
Jane Scott
Joan Williams
Donna Martwick

I

Peggy Loiseaux
Sue Randolph
Nancy Stirling
Magreta Volk



ART CLUB

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NANCY MULFORD, *Treasurer*

V

June Coan
Ellen Fezandé

IV

Marilyn Baker
Marjorie Bishop
Helen Buttfield

III

Jane Cole
Joanna Voorhis

II

Carol Brokaw
Carolyn Carver
Mary Darsie
Jane Elliott
Carol Haye
Anne Morrell
Elizabeth Van Buren

I

Joy Mooney
Magreta Volk

LIBRARY COMMITTEE

SHIRLEY BURKE, *Chairman*

MARILYN BAKER, *Treasurer*

JANET B. FINE, *Faculty Adviser*

V

Mary Alden
Shirley Burke
Ellen Fezandé

IV

Marilyn Baker
Helen Buttfield
Wesley Martin
Mary Rock

III

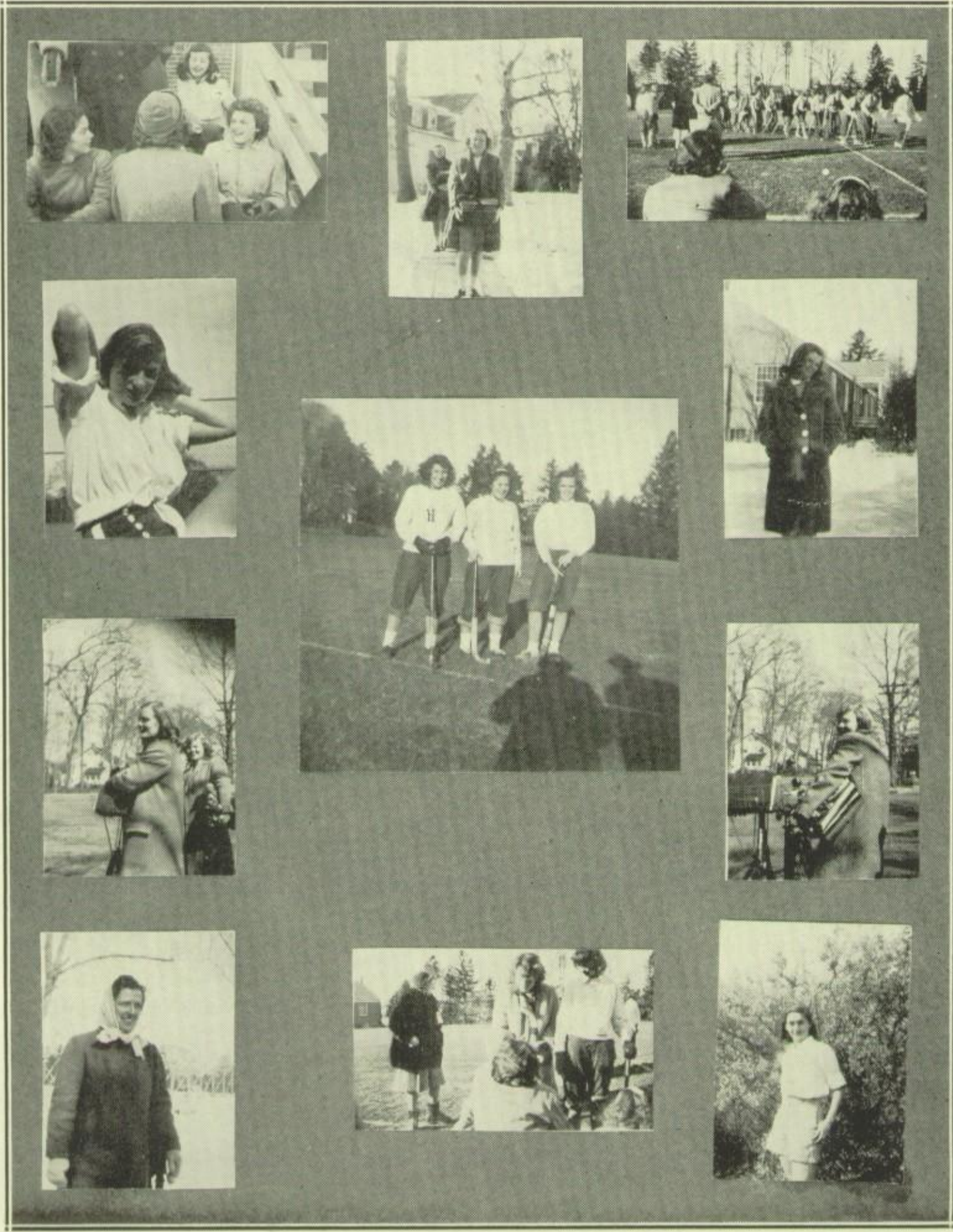
Joan Burke
Jane Cole

RED CROSS COUNCIL

JOAN KELLY, *Chairman*

VIRGINIA HUYLER, *Faculty Adviser*

Mary Alden	Fifth Academic Representative
Joan Kelly	Fourth Academic Representative
Barbara Begert	Third Academic Representative
Jane Elliott	Second Academic Representative
Kitty Ladd	First Academic Representative
Connie Pierce	Seventh Grade Representative
Sheila Gallagher	Sixth Grade Representative



Hi Mygatt
 you old - thing you're going to have to old the
 neighborhood by your self. But you'll do it
 have a slurpy time this sum I < good and
 don't ~~not~~ beak no many heart
 love w

LITERARY

THIRD-FOURTH-FIFTH ACADEMIC PRIZE THEME

THE WEDDING CAKE

The telephone rang shrilly, breaking into the atmosphere of deep concentration in Mr. Townsend's office. "Mrs. Townsend is on the phone, Mr. Townsend," his secretary announced. Wearily Mr. Townsend picked up the phone, knowing that something was wrong, for why else would his wife call him at the office?

"Darling, I don't know what to do! Linda's wedding cake hasn't been delivered yet, and I'm so afraid they won't get it here in time for the wedding, so won't you please stop in at Schrafft's and pick it up for me?"

Mr. Townsend mumbled something in the affirmative, and hung up the receiver with a sigh. He purposely left his office earlier than usual that afternoon and made his way to Schrafft's. He finally got a girl to wait on him and explained to her about the order. She in turn explained to the manager, who located the cake. Then of course it had to be carefully wrapped, with a special wooden base, cardboard sections holding the tiers in place, and last of all cellophane wrapping from top to bottom. Thanking the girl for her patience, Mr. Townsend maneuvered his package through the revolving door. He proceeded to the bus terminal holding the cake well in front of him on the way, but since it was during the rush hour, he decided to wait rather than risk disaster. An hour later the crowd was considerably thinned, and Mr. Townsend clambered on board a Montclair bus. He went to the back of the bus and skillfully eased his bundle into a seat, remarking to a dark-eyed girl in the adjoining seat, "I'm putting this in the seat and standing, 'cause I have to be very careful—it's a wedding cake." The girl's eyes immediately became dreamy, and several other passengers who had overheard the remark turned to look at the package fondly. Mr. Townsend took up his stand beside the cake, and the bus started off. Soon the bus began to fill up, and at one stop a busy little man got on and proceeded to make his way toward the back.

"If you'll put your package on the floor, I'll sit down in that seat if you don't mind."

"I'm sorry, but I'm entitled to one seat, and I'll use it for my package if I want," Mr. Townsend answered curtly.

The little man, temporarily defeated, went to get the bus driver and dragged him to the back of the bus. "This man won't put his package on the floor, and I want that seat."

"If anyone's going to sit in this seat, I'm going to be the one, but right now my package is going to stay there, because it's a wedding cake, and I don't want it bounced around," replied the irate Mr. Townsend. The little man made a movement toward the cake, but Mr. Townsend stopped him, saying, "If you touch that cake, I'll push your face in." In the meantime, the bus driver had retired to the front leaving the argument up to the two men. Almost all the passengers were beginning to take sides, and a middle-aged character remarked excitedly as the little man retreated to the front, "He's

got no romance in his soul." The little man in the meanwhile was threatening the bus driver's job, but the passengers in the back, who apparently did have romance in their souls, got up a petition to protect the driver against this complaint.

Things quieted down a bit. Then a lovely blond got on, and after the crank had whispered instructions in her ear, she made her way to the back and asked Mr. Townsend sweetly for the seat. His resistance was melting, and just as he was about to give in, the dark-eyed girl spoke up, "Don't you give her the seat, now," and the stout man chimed in, "I saw her talking to the little man. She's nothing but a fifth columnist!" The blond went back to the front, and the passengers eyed Mr. Townsend—some admiring and some glaring. A mousy man in the corner announced, "This is my stop, but I'm going to stay and see this thing through." Finally it was Mr. Townsend's turn to get off. He picked up his package, but the stout man exclaimed, "He'll trip you! Be careful now. Wait a moment, and I'll come along and guard you." Several other sympathetic passengers formed a bodyguard and ushered Mr. Townsend and his wedding cake safely to the door of the bus and waved him a friendly goodbye.

Once inside his door, Mr. Townsend cautiously unwrapped the cake tier by tier and gazed at it in awe. Only one tiny orange blossom was slightly askew; otherwise it was perfect! Mr. Townsend sighed deeply.

E. F., '45

THIRD-FOURTH-FIFTH ACADEMIC PRIZE POEM

FREIGHT CARS

The ponderous hulks of the freight cars
Loomed purple against the pale bronze sun.
Below these, slender reeds spired proud,
Piercing the crisp blanket of snow.
Gently their stalks swayed in the evening calm,
But the immobile freight cars

Who riveted them together?
Who nailed the boards and fitted the wheels?
Who built these patient monsters
With the plan to desert them there?

Somehow, as I look, I feel pity for these rusting, decaying giants,
Destined to rumble along silver ribbons,
Now proud and haughty next to the wispy reed.

S. B., '45

For her play, "That's the Way It Goes," Helen Buttfield received honorable mention.

FIRST-SECOND ACADEMIC PRIZE THEME

THE FREEING OF THE YANKS

The night was pitch-black. The sky stretched smoothly over the cool, damp earth, like a giant piece of black velvet tied to the earth and then billowed up till it stretched tight like a drum. There was no moon; if there had been, clouds would have been seen, sailing smoothly across the velvet, driven by a steady, moist breeze. The earth lay quiet, damp and dark, with only faint shadows to distinguish trees and bushes. It was still, but the silence was heavy, laden with waiting and awareness.

Moving stealthily, their footsteps muffled by the soft, green moss, a group of men, whose shadows were distorted by heavy packs, guns and gear, sneaked through the jungle headed for a high ridge that circled a low valley. No one spoke, but occasional grunts were heard as the men untangled themselves from vines nature made especially to trip on.

Leading the band of men was a short, stocky man obviously quite used to the jungle and the surrounding territory. For a man so short, he moved quickly and positively, making no sound. The men who followed him, so trustingly, were taller and very often had to bend low to get through tangled, overhanging passages that he could get through so easily.

When they had been traveling about a quarter of an hour, the short man raised his hand in a signal to stop. The troops immediately halted and grouped around him. He spoke to them and told them to sit down on the nearest thing handy.

"Men, I know you have been anxious to know exactly what is going to happen and why you are here under strict orders to keep quiet. Now is the time to learn." He glanced briefly at the faces that watched him so intently. He continued,

"All of you know that about two miles from here there is a concentration camp where men, who were once like yourselves are imprisoned. We are going to free them." Again he stopped and peered at the troops through the gloom.

"Here is the plan. For three days prior to this Filipino guerrillas have filtered in around the camp, hiding in logs, in trees and 'most everywhere, moving so quietly that the Japs don't even know they are there. There are at least five hundred of them, and they have been waiting for us to arrive. The plan is to gain the high ridge and literally swoop down on this garrison, killing every Jap you can see and freeing the prisoners. You are to work as a team, because if every man is for himself, the plan might fail, and we would lose some valuable information that these prisoners have. You see, many of them can speak Japanese and therefore can overhear strategic plans that would help us. Also, and more important, they are Americans." He went on, giving orders to them, threatening to send a man back if he made the slightest sound. They moved on.

By half-past two in the morning every man was on the ridge, set to begin the attack, orders milling around in their heads, and they were nervously awaiting the shot that was a signal to go.

High above the others, a lone figure watched calmly for the shot, ready to radio back to the home base a blow-by-blow description of the fight. He was trained especially for this kind of work and always gave the impression of not being afraid, though he was in a turmoil.

The time was drawing near, and the air became electric with waiting. Men grew tense and ground their teeth.

Then they all saw the red flash and heard the shot echo back and forth against the hills. They had been instructed to shout, but they did even better. They whooped blood-curdling cries that echoed and rebounded mockingly. The Japs were in an uproar. They ran here and there crying to one another, dodging zinging, whining bullets that poured from all sides.

The Yanks and Filipinos streamed down the ridge, running like deer, yelling like banshees.

The imprisoned Americans didn't know what to make of the whole thing. They gazed into each others' faces questioningly. Was this an attempt of the Japs to kill them under cover? After all, they had only been getting a bowl of rice once a day, the food was so low. Then when they saw leaping men running towards the gate of their compound and breaking through, they shrank against the opposite wall. When they heard a very American voice with a Brooklyn accent shout, "Hey youse, you're free!", they burst into tears of happiness.

The Yanks herded the prisoners out, helping them or carrying them, to Filipino ox-carts, and they were hauled away to the ridge under the protective fire of their liberators.

The Japs, meanwhile, were mowed down and completely cleaned out.

When everything was under control, the Yanks and the Filipinos caught up with the joyous prisoners and moved off into the night, singing the "Star Spangled Baner."

S. R., '49.

Since none of the contributions from the sixth and seventh grades met the Annual's requirements, there will be no prize this year.

MISS HURREY'S COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

1944

"Cultivez votre jardin" is one of the most quoted sayings of the great eighteenth century French philosopher, Voltaire. Education, taken in the larger meaning of the word, goes on long after you have left this school throughout your whole life and should help you to find the means to do just that—develop your possibilities. We hope that here at Hartridge you have, first, begun to find yourself—to know what kind of a person you really are; then to furnish this self so that you may have the material with which to work; finally, with self-respect for what you are, to fulfill yourself. But true education is not only an individual concern; its scope is far greater—to forget yourself in something more important and compelling than your individual self.

You have all started out well in this process. We are proud of you, and we send you forth with the sincere wish for and confident expectation of your success in the future.

The members of the class of 1944 were:

Beverly Braverman
Nanette Brokaw
Barbara Jean Browne
Norma Finninger
Evelyn Jacob
Mary Ellen Leggett
Lois Lippincott
Joann Pierce
Marcia Van Deventer
Marian Vans-Agnew
Mary Alice Young

ALUMNAE

ENGAGEMENTS

Patricia Voorhis to Carroll C. Grinnell, Jr.	Elizabeth Brokaw to Don R. Gasch
Elizabeth Barr to Charles E. Loiseaux, Jr.	Eleanor Sutherland to Harold Chase
Betty Lee Daubenspeck to Paul Carl, Jr.	Helen Poucher to David Duvall Thompson
Patricia Rentsler to Hugh McCullough, Jr.	Elizabeth Ramsey to Howard Stuart Wood

MARRIAGES

Matilda Baldwin to Francis Robert Shields	Mimi Parsons to T. Mitchell Ford
Mary Armstrong to Matthew M. Mahoney	Ursula Fisk to Charles W. Clough
Virginia Coerr to Michael Sanchez Robles	Barbara Coleman to Floyd Grant Wilcox, Jr.
Susanna Long to Solon Lathrop Norton Lawrence	Mary Elizabeth Hetherington to John Edwin Lutz, Jr.
Elisabeth Ivins to William Chandler Haskins	Jane Maxson to John Woodman West
Phyllis Booth to John Orne Green, Jr.	Julliette Braverman to Herman Hilliard Gilbert
Mary Jane Goodman to Alfred E. Miller	Ann Wigton to Frederick L. Hall
Dana Trewin to C. Benson Wigton, Jr.	Evelyn D. Jacob to Benjamin F. Leake, Jr.
	Jean Nelson to John Cochran

BIRTHS

Carolyn Waring McLeod, a girl	Betty Wigton Bours, a boy
Jane Treglown Treglown, a boy	Dorothy Madsen Genung, a boy
Carter Claybrook Booth, a boy	Virginia Pratt Goodspeed, a boy
Helen Cuff Egan, a girl	Frederica Coerr Kuh, a girl
Jeanette Clawson Morse, a boy	Jane Yeager Lewis Kingsbury, a boy
Barbara Clawson Henderson, a girl	Elizabeth Lewis Lewis, a girl
Theo Wells Burke, a girl	Nancy Rausch Lounsbury, a boy
Nancy Preston Carter, a boy	Esther Barlow Perkins, a girl
Mary A. Strong Fawcett, a girl	Barbara Smith Scott, a girl
Katherine Hayward Scott, a boy	Louise Hoy Sharrets, a girl
Katherine Browne Oliver, a girl	Jean Wigton Stuart, a girl
Susanne Ramsey Brame, a boy	Betty Tweedy Sykes, a girl
Ann Middleton Stout, a boy	Sarah Lewis Smith, a girl
Louise Fargo Thompson, a boy	Marguerite Tietjen Gray, a girl
Rita Schwep Bass, a girl	

AUTOGRAPHS

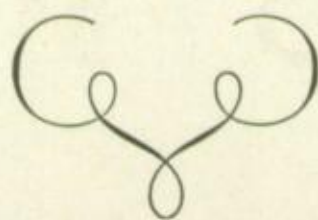
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